

THE SABBATH BELL.

BY JOHN BIRD.

The Sabbath bell!—how sweetly breathes
O'er hill and dale that hallowed sound,
When Spring her first bright chaplet wreathes
The cotter's humble porch around—
And glistening meads of vernal green—
The blossomed bough,—the spiral corn,—
Smile o'er the brook that flows between,
As shadowing forth a fairer morn.

The Sabbath bell!—'tis stillness all,
Save where the lamb's unconscious bleat,
Or the lone wood-dove's plaintive call,
Are mingling with its cadence sweet;
Save where the lark on soaring wing
At heaven's gate pours her matin song;
Oh! thus shall feathered warblers sing,
Nor man the grateful strain prolong?

The Sabbath bell!—how soothing flow
These greetings to the peasant's breast!
Who knows not labor ne'er can know
The blessed calm that sweetens rest!
The day-spring of his pilgrimage,
Who, freed awhile from earthly care,
Turns meekly to a heaven taught page,
And reads his hope recorded there.

The Sabbath bell!—yes, not in vain
That bidding on the gale is borne;
Glad respite from the echoing wain,
The sounding axe, the clamorous horn:
Far other thoughts those notes inspire,
Where youth forgets his frolic pace,
And maid and matron, son and sire,
Their church way path together trace.

The Sabbath bell!—ere yet the peal
In lessening murmurs melt away,
'Tis sweet with reverential step to steal
Where rests around each kindred clay!
Where buried love, and severed friends,
Parent and offspring, shrouded lie!
The tear drop falls,—the prayer ascends,—
The living muse, and learn to die!

The Sabbath bell!—'tis silent now;
The holy hush the thrice receives;
The pastor bends his aged brow,
And slowly turns the sacred leaves.
Oh! blest where blending ranks agree
To tread the paths their fathers trod,
To bend alike the willing knee,
One fold before one fostering God!

The Sabbath bell!—Oh! does not time
In that still voice all eloquent breathe!
How many have listened to that chime,
Who sleep those grassy mounds beneath!
How many of those who lie here now
Shall wake its fate recording knell,
Blessed if one brief hour bestow
A warning in the Sabbath bell!

REFUSING A CROWN.

[We take this narrative of one of Lucien Bonaparte's throne-refusing encounters with his brother from the "Memoirs of Madame d'Abrantes," who said she heard corresponding statements of it from two quarters, both in perfect accordance. That such passages, some time or other, must have taken place between the brothers is clear enough; and the core of the romance remains unquestionable, viz. that Lucien did prefer his independence and his poetry to a crown—with what judgment we have all seen by the event: his romance turned out to be the highest proof of his good sense. His world of books contained, after all, a larger and nobler world than Napoleon could hope to conquer; and there, among his treasures, he was found still ruling his magical domain of fancy and domestic peace, while the soldier was in his narrow grave.]

We were informed one morning that the emperor had set out at four o'clock on a journey, the object and destination of which were alike impenetrable. Yet Italy was the only direction which he could have taken; and in fact the principal, though latent, motive of this journey was a reconciliation with Lucien. The emperor was at length convinced, or rather he had never doubted, that of all his brothers Lucien alone could understand and act in concert with him; but Lucien was far from condescending, and the emperor, who knew his character, was resolved himself to see and converse with him; the brothers consequently gave each other the meeting at Mantua.

Lucien arrived about nine at night in a travelling carriage with M. Boyer, cousin-german of his first wife, and the Count de Chatillon, a friend who resided with him.—"Do not put up, I shall probably return to-night," said Lucien, as he alighted to join his brother.

I have heard the particulars of this extraordinary interview from two quarters, both in perfect accordance. Napoleon was walking in a long gallery with Prince Eugene, Murat, and Marshal Duroc. He advanced to meet his brother, and held out his hand with every appearance of cordiality. Lucien was affected; he had not seen the emperor since the day of Austerlitz, and far from being jealous of the resplendent blaze of his brother's glory, as it now passed before his mental vision, his noble heart heaved with tumultuous joy.—For some moments he was incapable of speaking: at length having expressed to Napoleon his pleasure in this meeting, the emperor made a signal, and the rest of the party withdrew.

"Well, Lucien," said Napoleon, "what are your projects? Will you at last go hand in hand with me?"

Lucien regarded him with astonishment, for inquiries about his projects, addressed to him who never indulged in any, appeared most strange.

"I form no projects," replied he, at length: "as for going hand in hand with your majesty, what am I to understand by it?"

An immense map of Europe lay rolled up on a table before them; the emperor seized it by one hand, and throwing it open with a graceful action, said to Lucien—

"Choose any kingdom you please, and I pledge you, my word as a brother and an emperor to give it you, and to maintain you in it, for I now ride over the head of every king in Europe. Do you understand me?"

He stopped, and looked expressively at Lucien.

"Lucien, you may share with me that sway which I exercise over inferior minds.—You have only to pursue the course that I shall open to you for the establishment and maintenance of my system, the happiest and most magnificent ever conceived by man

but to insure its execution I must be seconded, and I can only be seconded by my own family. Of all my brothers, only yourself and Joseph can efficiently serve me: Louis is an obstinate fool, and Jerome a mere child without capacity. My hopes then rest chiefly in you: will you realize them?"

"Before this explanation is carried further, I ought to advertise you," said Lucien, "that I am not changed: my principles are still the same as in 1799 and 1803. What I was on my curule chair on the 18th Brumaire, I am at this moment beside the Emperor Napoleon. Now, brother, it is for you to consider how you will proceed."

"You talk absurdly," said Napoleon, shrugging his shoulders; "now times should give a new direction to the ideas. You have chosen a proper opportunity, truly, to come here and rave of your Utopian republic. You must embrace my system, I tell you: follow my path, and to-morrow I make you the chief of a great people. I acknowledge your wife as my sister; I crown her as well as you. I make you the greatest man in Europe next to myself, and I restore you my entire friendship, my brother," added he, lowering the emphatic tone in which he had just uttered the preceding sentences to that soft and caressing accent I have never heard but from his lips, and which makes the heart vibrate to its mellow and powerful chords. This man was altogether seducing. Lucien loved him: he started as he listened, and grew pale.

"I do not sell myself," said he, in a agitated voice. "Hear me, my brother, listen to me, for this is an important hour to both of us. I will never be a prefect: if you give me a kingdom I must rule it according to my own notions, and above all in conformity with its wants. The people whose chief I may be shall have no cause to execrate my name: they shall be happy and respected; not slaves; as the Tuscans and all the Italians are. You yourself cannot desire to find in your brother a pliant sycophant, who for a few soft words would sell you the blood of his children; for a people, after all, is but one large family, whose head will be held responsible by the King of kings for the welfare of all its members."

The emperor frowned, and his whole aspect proclaimed extreme dissatisfaction.

"Why then come to me?" said he at last, angrily; "for if you are obstinate, so am I, and you know it—at least as obstinate as you can be. Humph! republic! You are no more thinking of that than I am; and besides, what should you desire it for? You are like Joseph, who bethought himself the other day of writing me an inconceivable letter, cooly desiring I would allow him to enter upon kingly duties. Truly nothing more would by wanting than the re-establishment of the papal tribute."

And shrugging his shoulders, he smiled contemptuously.

"And why not?" said Lucien, "if it conduces to the national interests? It is an absurdity, I grant; but if it was beneficial to Naples, Joseph would be quite right in insisting upon it."

A variety of emotions rapidly succeeded each other on Napoleon's countenance. He paced the gallery with a hurried step, repeating in an accent that evinced strong internal perturbation, "Always the same! always the same!" Then turning suddenly to his brother, and stamping on the marble floor, he exclaimed with a thundering voice—

"But once more, sir, why then did you come to meet me? Why these endless contentions? You ought to obey me as your father, the head of your family; and by heavens, you shall do so I please."

Lucien was now growing warm, and all the discretion he had summoned to his aid was beginning to evaporate.

"I am no subject of yours," cried he in his turn; "and if you think to impose your iron yoke upon me, you are mistaken; never will I bow my head to it: and remember—hearken to my words, remember what I once told you at Malmaison."

A long alarming, almost sinister silence, succeeded this burst of generous indignation. The two brothers faced each other and were separated only by the table on which lay that Europe, the sport of Napoleon's infatuated ambition. He was very pale, his lips compressed, the almost livid complexion of his cheek revealing the tempest within, and his eyes darting glances of fury at Lucien, whose noble countenance must have shown to great advantage in this stormy interview, which was to decide his future fate; nor his alone, but perhaps that of Europe, for who shall conjecture what might have happened had this really superior man been king of Spain, of Prussia, or of Poland. The emperor was the first to break silence; he had mastered his passion, and addressed his brother with calmness:

"You will reflect on what I have told you, Lucien; night brings counsel. To-morrow I hope to find you more reasonable as to the interests of Europe at least, if not your own. Good by, and good night to you, my brother."

He held out his hand. Lucien, whose heart was susceptible to every kindly impression, and whose reflections at that moment were of a nature powerfully to awaken them, took his brother's offered hand and grasped it affectionately between both of his, as he reiterated "Good by, and a good night, to you, my brother—Adieu."

"Till to-morrow!" said the emperor.

Lucien shook his head and would have spoken, but was unable; then opening the door he rushed from the apartment, reascending the carriage where his friends awaited him and immediately quitted Mantua.

The brothers met no more till the hour of Napoleon's adversity.

The scene at Malmaison, to which Lucien alluded in this interview, took place shortly before the empire was proclaimed, when Napoleon's intentions were already known to his family, and disappointed in finding himself deceived in his calculations on making Lucien one of his powerful lieutenants,

served to widen the breach which the latter's marriage had produced. Lucien, who had hoped to see the happy days of the forum restored, and could now only look for those of Augustus, was vehement in his reproaches; accused the emperor of being faithless to him, and of violating his word; in short, the discussion ended in an open quarrel.

"You are determined to destroy the republic!" said the enraged Lucien; "Well, assassinate her then—mount your throne over her murdered remains and those of her children—but mark well what one of those children predicts: this empire, which you are erecting by force and will maintain by violence, will be overthrown by violence and force, and you yourself will be crushed thus!" and seizing a screen from the mantelpiece he crushed it impetuously in his hand, which trembled with rage. Then, as if still more distinctly to mark his resentment, he took out his watch, dashed it on the ground, and stamped upon it with the heel of his boot: "Yes, crushed—ground to powder, thus."

PROSPECTS OF A GENERAL PEACE.—During a recent debate in Parliament, Lord Palmerston, in his attack on the slave trade negotiation now going on between the Duke de Broglie, and Dr. Lushington, accused Sir Robert Peel of having made dishonorable concessions to France. The right hon. baronet, in repelling the charge, enunciated principles which must afford great gratification to the friends of peace. He avowed his predilections for a pacific policy, and announced his determination to pursue that policy as long as he could do so without compromising the honor or sacrificing the interests of the country. It is pleasing to find that the leading powers of Europe are not only avowing, but acting on the same pacific principle. Guizot is emphatically the minister of peace. Louis Philippe is the monarch of peace. He estimates the blessings of peace at so high a value, that from his language it might be supposed that he would sooner lose his crown than become a party to another European War.

There is therefore every ground to believe that the peace of Europe will be long preserved. The political sky wears a pacific aspect. We are mistaken, indeed, if the days of European war be not over. Apart from mere feeling on the subject, the nations are at length opening their eyes to the folly and miseries of war. What was ever gained by it? What European country can be named that has ever been benefited by hostilities with another country? What country, on the contrary, ever engaged in a war that was not a loser by it,—a loser in treasure as well as in the lives of its subjects? Even the victorious power is often all but ruined by its triumphs. Look at England. We vanquished Napoleon; but what was the price at which our victories were purchased? The answer is to be found in the present overtaxed condition of the people. Our triumphs were purchased at the cost of £600,000,000. We are suffering for our victories now. Nor will the pernicious consequences of our wars and our victories be confined to ourselves. They will outlive us for many a long year; our descendants for ages to come will have to smart severely for the folly.

DON'T GO IN DEBT.—But if you have been foolish enough to go in, get out as soon as you can, for fear the paper-money you now have in your pocket may become valueless before to-morrow morning. There are hundreds of men that would give \$20 to have been forced to pay their debts, (or so much of them as their Red Dog would have paid) two weeks ago. —*Newark Advocate.*

LESSON IN GRAMMAR.—Mankind may be divided into three distinct classes: Superlatively honest men; confirmed scoundrels, and no men at all.—*N. Y. Whig.*

To which the Philadelphia Times adds the following capital hit, and witty: First person—We are. Second person—Ye or you are. Third person—They (the women) are.

"OLD SCRATCH."—SATAN.—This old gentleman, although considered rather sharp than otherwise, has been served some very acute tricks. Among the rest, we have heard of a poor cobbler who made a league with him, and after enjoying every earthly blessing, he was waited upon at the end of the term by his brimstone majesty, who demanded his soul. The cobbler took a sharp knife, and ripping off the sole of his shoe, threw it at the feet of his illustrious guest.

"What does this mean?" cried the latter.

"Look at the contract!" cried the cobbler.

Satan examined the writing, and found that the word was spelt *sole*, which only entitled him to a piece of leather. He turned on his heel and went off scratching his head; and he has been called "Old Scratch" ever since.

Some men think themselves very clever in tantalizing their wives; some, unpossessed of feeling themselves, may not understand how a vile word or stupid act can vex a keener soul; but it is meet to know and remember this: there is no greater crime than to take a woman from her father's hearth, where she stood in blooming independence, to load her with the cares of a family, and then to trample on her hopes by proving that he is no better than those for whom she never cared or sighed; that he is no worthier than those who are forgotten in her dreams, and passed unheeded as she clung with fondness to his arm. Children of disappointment, why do women consider their lovers the choicest among the sons of men? —*Chuzzlewit.*

Those who seek for the pearl of truth, must dive deep amidst the turbulent waters of sorrow, as well as wander through the laughing groves of contentment and joy. Put not off till to-morrow what can be done to-day, for time lost can never be recalled.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Gordon C. Colt, Governor Clerk, and George W. Merrill, VENDOR EXPOSAS.

By virtue of a writ of vendi exponas to me directed from the Court of Common Pleas of Erie County, Ohio, I will offer for sale at the house of Matthew Chambers, in Gilebo, on Tuesday the 10th day of June, 1845, between the hours of ten o'clock A. M., and four o'clock P. M., of said day, the following described property, to wit: Three eight day clocks, one musical brass clock, one set of Blacksmith tools, one yoke of oxen, one sorrel horse, one gray horse, one bay stud horse, one Durham heifer, one 1 horse buggy, and one two horse wagon. Taken as the property of Matthew Chambers, to satisfy a judgment in favor of Gordon C. Colt, Governor Clerk, and George W. Merrill.

Sheriff's Office, Kalida, May 30th, 1845. T. R. McCLURE, Sheriff. lw223

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

In pursuance of an order of the Court of Common Pleas in and for Putnam County, Ohio, at their May Term, A. D. 1845, I will offer for sale at the door of the Court House in said County, on the first day of July, A. D. 1845, between the hours of ten o'clock A. M., and two o'clock P. M., of said day, the following described Real Estate, situate in said County, to wit: The west half of the south east quarter of section number twenty, of Township one north of Range six east, containing eighty acres of land—the north east quarter of the south east quarter of section number twenty, of Township one north of Range six east, containing forty acres of land—the north west quarter of section number twenty-one, of Township one north of Range six east, containing one hundred and sixty acres of land—the north half of the north east quarter of section number twenty, of Township one north of Range six east, containing eighty acres of land.

The terms of payment will be made known on the day of sale. JAMES CROW, Adm'r of the Estate of Abraham Crow, dec'd.

JOHN J. ACKERMAN, Atty. for Est. May 24, 1845. 4w223

ATTENTION.

THE commissioned officers of the second Rifle Regiment, third Brigade, seventeenth Division, Ohio Militia, are hereby notified to meet at the house of Capt. Fruchey at Columbus Grove, on Saturday, June 21st proximo, at 12 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing one Colonel for said Regiment, to supply the vacancy caused by the death of Col. Gillett.

S. BELL, Brig. Gen'l. By M. C. Ewins, Lieut. Col. of said Regt. Friday, May 30, 1845. 3w223

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Alexander Hardin } Judgment in Common Pleas Hancock County, Ohio.

By virtue of a writ of vendi exponas to me directed from the Court of common pleas of Hancock County, Ohio, I will offer for sale at the door of the court house in Kalida, on Tuesday the 1st day of July 1845, between the hours of ten o'clock A. M., and four o'clock P. M., the following described tracts of land to wit: The north-east fraction of the south-west quarter, containing fifty acres, and also the south part of the north-east quarter of the north-west quarter twenty-five (25) acres, and the south-east corner of the north-west quarter of the south-west quarter four (4) acres, and the north-east corner of the south-west quarter of the north-west quarter two (2) acres, and the south-east quarter of the north-west quarter of forty (40) acres; all in section twenty-one, of Township one north of Range eight (8) east, containing one hundred and twenty-one (121) acres. Taken as the property of Henry Emmons to satisfy an execution in favor of Alexander Hardin.

May 30th, A. D. 1845. T. R. McCLURE, Sheriff. 5w223

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Alexander Hardin } Judgment in Common Pleas Hancock County, Ohio.

By virtue of a writ of vendi exponas to me directed from the Court of common pleas of Hancock County, Ohio, I will offer for sale at the barn of Henry Emmons in Blanchard township, in Putnam County, on Tuesday the 10th day of June, 1845, between the hours of ten o'clock A. M., and four o'clock P. M., of said day, the following described property, to wit: One mow of wheat, and one lot of wheat in the shed, and the undivided half of twenty acres of corn in the ground, and one third of three acres of corn in the ground. Taken as the property of Henry Emmons, to satisfy a judgment in favor of Alexander Hardin.

Sheriff's Office, Kalida, May 30th, 1845. T. R. McCLURE, Sheriff. lw223

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

By order of the Court of Common Pleas for Warren County, dated May 1st, 1845, I shall offer at public sale at the Court House in the town of Kalida and county of Putnam on Wednesday, the 22nd day of June next, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. of said day, the following property, to wit: Lot No. 58 in the town of Kalida, Putnam County. Also, the undivided half of the north-west fraction of the south-east quarter of section No. 34, town two south of range five east in the county of Putnam, containing 38 acres, with a mill thereon.

Lot No. 58 in Kalida appraised at \$90. The undivided half of the 38 acre tract, with the mill thereon, appraised at \$350. Both tracts free from dower. One third of the purchase money to be paid in hand on the day of sale, and the residue in nine months thereafter, and the residue in eighteen months from the day of sale. To be secured by mortgage upon the premises respectively. The notes bearing interest from the day of sale. DEMA, JAMES, Adm'r. Estate of T. B. Van Horn, dec'd. May 29, 1845. ew222

David J. Cory, Administrator of Daniel Wait, deceased.

Otis Wait, Alverdo Wait, Sidney S. Wait, Ophelia Wait, Eliza Wait, David Wait, M. Wait, Patty Johnson, Stoddard Johnson, Eliza Penn, William Penn.

THE above Defendants are hereby informed that, on the 30th day of April, A. D. 1845, said Administrator filed his petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Henry County, Ohio, the object and prayer of which petition is, to obtain an order, at the next term of said Court, for the sale of the following real estate, of which the said Daniel Wait died seized, to wit: The east half of the south-west quarter and the west half of the south-east quarter of section No. 11 eleven, township No. [4] four, north of range No. [6] six east, in the Piqua Land District, in the county of Henry and State of Ohio, and containing one hundred and sixty acres more or less.

DAVID J. CORY, Administrator of Daniel Wait, deceased. By J. G. HALEY, Sol'r for Petitioner. Dated May 13th, 1845. 222dw

HENRY COMMON PLEAS.

PETITION TO SELL LANDS.

The above Defendants are hereby informed that, on the 30th day of April, A. D. 1845, said Administrator filed his petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Henry County, Ohio, the object and prayer of which petition is, to obtain an order, at the next term of said Court, for the sale of the following real estate, of which the said Daniel Wait died seized, to wit: The east half of the south-west quarter and the west half of the south-east quarter of section No. 11 eleven, township No. [4] four, north of range No. [6] six east, in the Piqua Land District, in the county of Henry and State of Ohio, and containing one hundred and sixty acres more or less.

DAVID J. CORY, Administrator of Daniel Wait, deceased. By J. G. HALEY, Sol'r for Petitioner. Dated May 13th, 1845. 222dw

ESTRAY.

WE the undersigned being called on to view and appraise an entry taken up by John Curtis, a resident of Washington township, Paulding county, Ohio, do find the same to be a light dan Mare, with black legs and black mane and tail, a small star in her forehead, about fourteen hands high, supposed to be fourteen years old this spring; and we do appraise said mare to twenty dollars.

WILLIAM HARRELL, JOSEPH MELLINGER, JOHN KINORRY, J. P.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 12th day of May, A. D. 1845. I certify the above to be a true copy from my estray book. 222cw JOHN KINORRY, J. P.

GEORGE SKINNER.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

GREAT NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

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ROBERT SEARS, 114 Fulton st. New York City.

Reprint.

OF CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL, published at the Albion office 3 Barclay street, N. York. The first year of our reprint of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal being about to expire, we avail ourselves of the opportunity to say, that it has received a support commensurate with the intrinsic merit of the work, and that its continued republication is therefore established on firm basis. We shall feel indebted to subscribers who will make the Journal known in their respective neighborhoods, as well as give currency to the annexed terms of publication.

In order to put this work within the reach of all classes of the public, we have determined to issue it at the very low price of one dollar and a half per annum; and also to furnish it to agents at a discount from this price, of thirty-three and a third per cent. And in order to disseminate the publication still more extensively, we have determined to give individuals or companies of individuals who may order five copies the advantages possessed by agents, and to extend to them also the benefit of the discount. A remittance of five dollars, then, provided it be in funds at par in the city of New York, or not more than five per cent. discount, will command five annual copies. The publication is weekly, contains eight pages, and is printed in the quarto form, with neat type and on good paper. It is scarcely necessary to state that the low price at which we offer the work, will oblige us to adhere to the cash system without any deviation whatever.

Editors throughout the country inserting this Prospectus four successive weeks, and sending a copy containing it to the Albion office, will be entitled to a free copy for one year.